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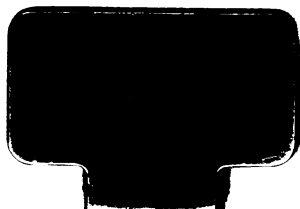
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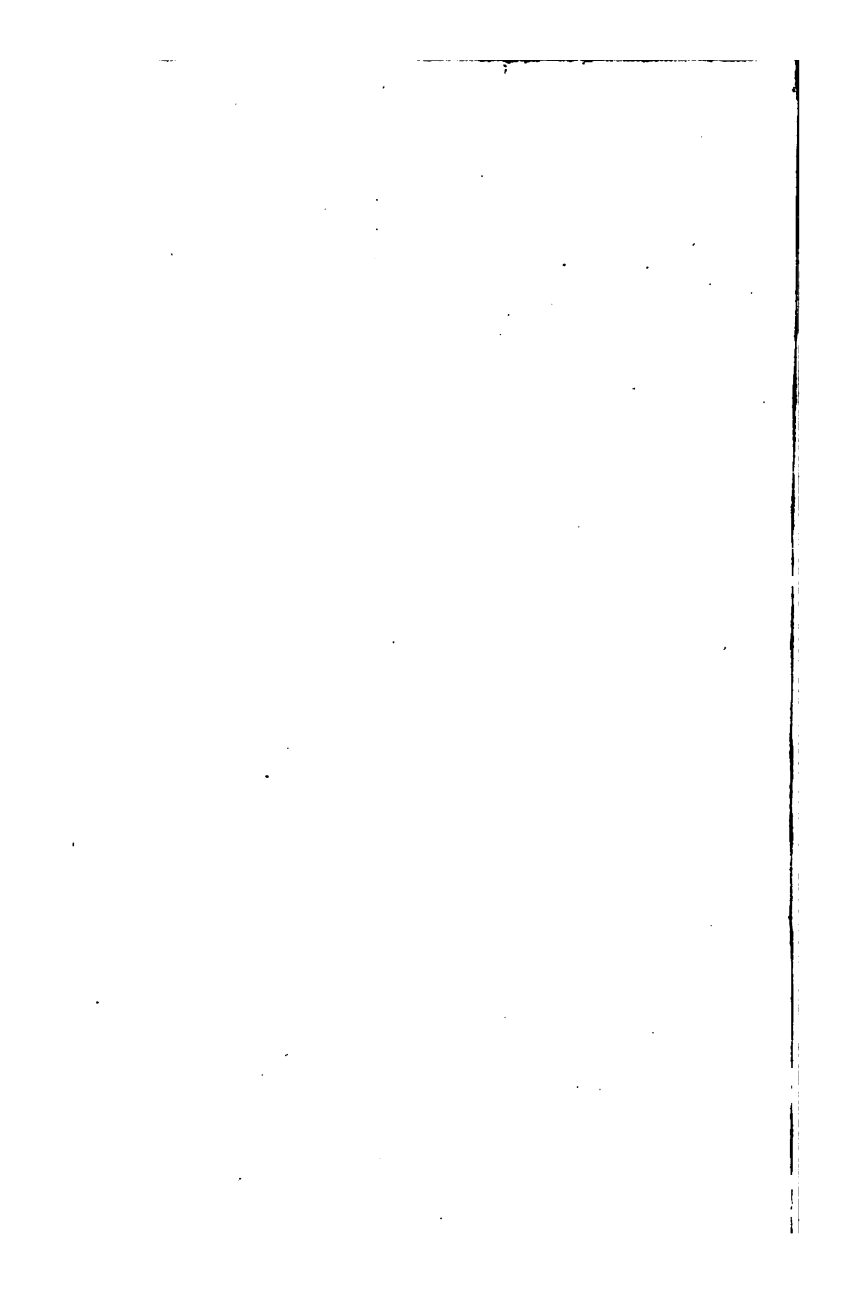




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A
REMARKABLE ANSWER TO
PRAYER.

A True Narrative.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"GOD'S SPARING MERCY," "THE THREE HOUSES,"
"ADDRESSES TO THE SICK," ETC.

London:
WILLIAM HUNT AND COMPANY,
12 PATERNOSTER ROW.
1885.

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REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

**MORRISON AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.**





‘At the foot of the clump of trees they saw the body of the lost child, with feathers from the corilla’s tail in her little hand.’

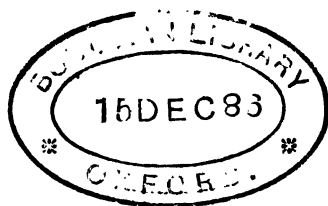
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Remarkable Answer to Prayer.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

'Call on me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and
thou shalt glorify me.'—Ps. l. 15.

HE following incident was
recently related to the writer
of this little tract by an earnest,
loving missionary in the Diocese
of good Bishop Goulburn, New

South Wales, who wrote out the outline of the incident which occurred in that part of the Australian Bush which he visited as a missionary.

Before I begin to relate this remarkable answer to believing prayer which happened in the Australian Bush, I will pass on to my young friends a very nice account that a nephew of mine gave me of what the Australian Bush is like. He was there some years

ago, and observed with great interest the striking features of that great place. 'The Australian Bush, as it is generally called, comprises various types of primitive forest, tracts of land covered with brushwood in some cases, level or undulating country more or less covered with large trees and undergrowth of "scrub," as it is termed by the colonists; but invariably the largest timber is on the most hilly country, making a grand and imposing scenery,

especially when you can get a good view from some elevated spot down a gully' (as the ravine between the hills is called). The trees are nearly all species of the gum, wattle, or acacia, making the scene lovely with their yellow flowers in the spring, varied by the rainbow plumage of the lovely birds, which, strange to say, are not songsters like our English birds, although they can be taught to talk, as so many of them are of the parrot

tribe. There are also several remarkable animals,—walabies, opossum, and native cat, and kangaroo, and the dingo or wild dog. But there is not one *animal* in Australia that is at all dangerous to human life.

The snake is the only venomous reptile, and, though being extremely dangerous on account of their venomous bites, they are exceedingly shy; in hot weather they are very quick in

their movements, and as slow in comparison if the day is cold. You would be completely surprised on a hot day to see the myriads of lizards, and how beautiful they look in the sunshine as they dart about from place to place. But you must not imagine the Bush to be all *couleur de rose*, for there is a district known as the 'Mallee Scrub,' of which I can tell you, and it is a dangerous thing for any one to enter it who

does not know anything about Bush travelling.

The 'Mallee,' in soil, is composed of soft white sand, on which if you walk you can scarcely see the print of your shoes; it is covered with a dense scrub which grows in clumps 10 or 12 feet high, and it is impossible for any one, even on horseback, to see over the tops, so you may imagine how difficult it is for any one to find his way in

such a country unless thoroughly practised in Bush travelling.

Many an unfortunate traveller has lost himself, never to be found again, while others have been found in the last stages of extreme exhaustion from starvation and fatigue in wandering helplessly and hopelessly round and round in a large circle day after day. This dense and arid region, in which no white man can live, is many miles

across, and is seldom traversed except by those who are well experienced and who wish to make a short cut; but if once lost it is almost impossible to recover the beaten track. As an illustration of this, I knew a man who started to walk from one station to another, a distance of 25 miles. The poor fellow walked continuously for seven days, and was found on the eleventh day senseless, but through kind treatment and restoratives after-

wards recovered to tell his own story.

That sweet text in the Psalms, 'From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,' was a very suitable one for our dear friend Lieut. H. Duncan, when he wandered in this very Scrub, and threw away his bow and arrows when he could wander on

no more, but was afterwards rescued, and now lives to lead poor sailors to the Rock of ages.

But now I must continue my narrative which I first began. This dear good missionary was in the Bush in the Rivernia District, when a tree selector near the river came up to him in great trouble, as his little girl, he said, had been 'bushed,' or rather lost in the Bush, in taking her father's dinner ;

and both father and mother had been hunting for their darling child a day, one night, and a morning. Now this dear minister had a black servant who was named Jimmy, who had been known well as 'Drunken Jimmy,' but then so graciously changed and converted that he had become a praying man, and a sober, godly man, and very useful to his master, and a most intelligent and prayerful companion in the Bush journeys. The poor bereaved

father found it a great comfort, telling his trouble to the good minister and Jimmy. The good minister kindly offered to lend his horses and trap to try and track the dear child, when Jimmy suggested very unassumingly and earnestly, 'Master, let us ask our God to find the child.' They all three knelt on the ground where they were standing, and 'cried unto the Lord in their trouble.' Up from the parched sand there arose to the burning sky

the voice of wailing: 'O God, spare my child and let her live;' and you will now see how the God of love and faithfulness delivered them out of their distress. They rose from their knees, and black Jimmy spoke first, and said, 'Master, since we prayed, this thought has come into my mind,—I'll fetch the little girl's pet,'—which was a cockatoo or corilla which she had brought up from the nest; the same had been making for some hours a great noise.

Black Jimmy soon reached the cage in which the bird was confined, and opened the door, when the bird immediately flew away across the Scrub by the river. The minister said, 'Saddle the horses, and ride after the bird as fast as possible.' At last black Jimmy said, 'Hear what a row the corillas (or cockatoos) are making,—a regular "corobory;" master, come on.' They went with hopeful haste to the trees where the noise

proceeded from, some distance into the Scrub. At the foot of the clump of trees they saw the body of the lost child, with feathers from the corilla's tail in her little hand. She had fainted away from the exhaustion and fear of those two days and a night's wanderings in the Scrub. It appears her pet bird had flown with wonderful instinct to the very spot where the child was lying, and fluttered over her prostrate form; and the child, in trying to grasp

her pet too hard, had got some feathers in her little hand, and the cockatoo was making a great noise in the branch above her head.

I would just mention, it is the custom of these birds to flock together, and when they meet to unite in making a great noise, and especially when they are joined by one that has been caged, and it was this united noise of the corillas that was the

means used by a prayer-hearing God to direct that parent, the minister, and his black servant, to the very spot where that dear lost child was, through such an unlikely means as a bird. And God also added to His mercy, and gladdened their hearts by the recovery of that sweet Christian child,—who to this day is never tired of telling her friends how wonderfully the God she loved had led her dear father to the very tree where she had sunk down

exhausted, and, as she thought, to die ;
and how her pet bird had flown to her,
and roused her, and fluttered into her
very arms,—and how she had feebly
caught hold of it,—and then flew up
to the branch above, and began to
scream aloud.

Now, dear reader, after such a
remarkable answer to prayer being
put before you, I feel I must ask
you, in loving interest for your soul,

what are your prayers when you are on your knees? Will not the gracious answer to prayer recorded here draw you nearer than ever to the throne and heart of your loving Father. May my faith and your faith in prayer grow exceedingly, and the power of believing prayer begin to be known and felt and seen by all around, is the earnest desire for you, my dear friends (both poor and rich, in the parish of

Witnesham) of your affectionate friend
in Jesus,

H. POTTER.

‘Jesus said, Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name :
ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.’—JOHN
xvi. 24.

They who seek the throne of grace

Find that throne in every place.

Let us live a life of prayer.

God is present everywhere.

In our sickness, in our health,

In our want and in our wealth,

Let us look to God in prayer.

God is present everywhere.

When our enemies prevail,
And our heart and spirit fail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer.
God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father go and wait.
He will answer every prayer.
God is present everywhere.

I remember a poor man walking
down the street with his minister, who
said to him, 'Why, Joe, you look as
happy as if you had been thinking of
heaven.'

‘Why, sir,’ Joe replied; ‘I am there already.’

‘Well, then, Joe,’ said the minister,
‘I don’t wonder you look so happy
and joyful, for “in Thy presence is
fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand
there are pleasures for evermore” ’
(Ps. xvi, 7).

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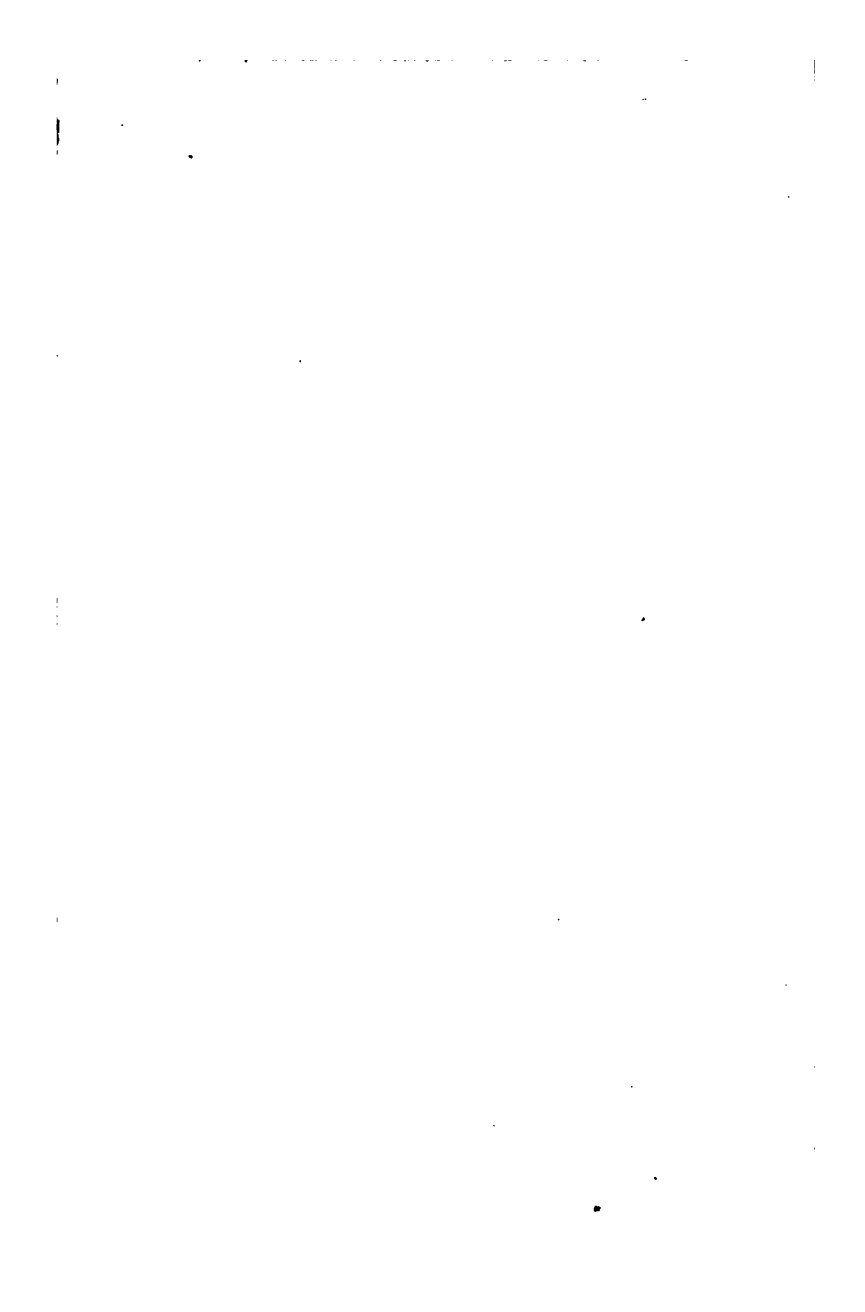
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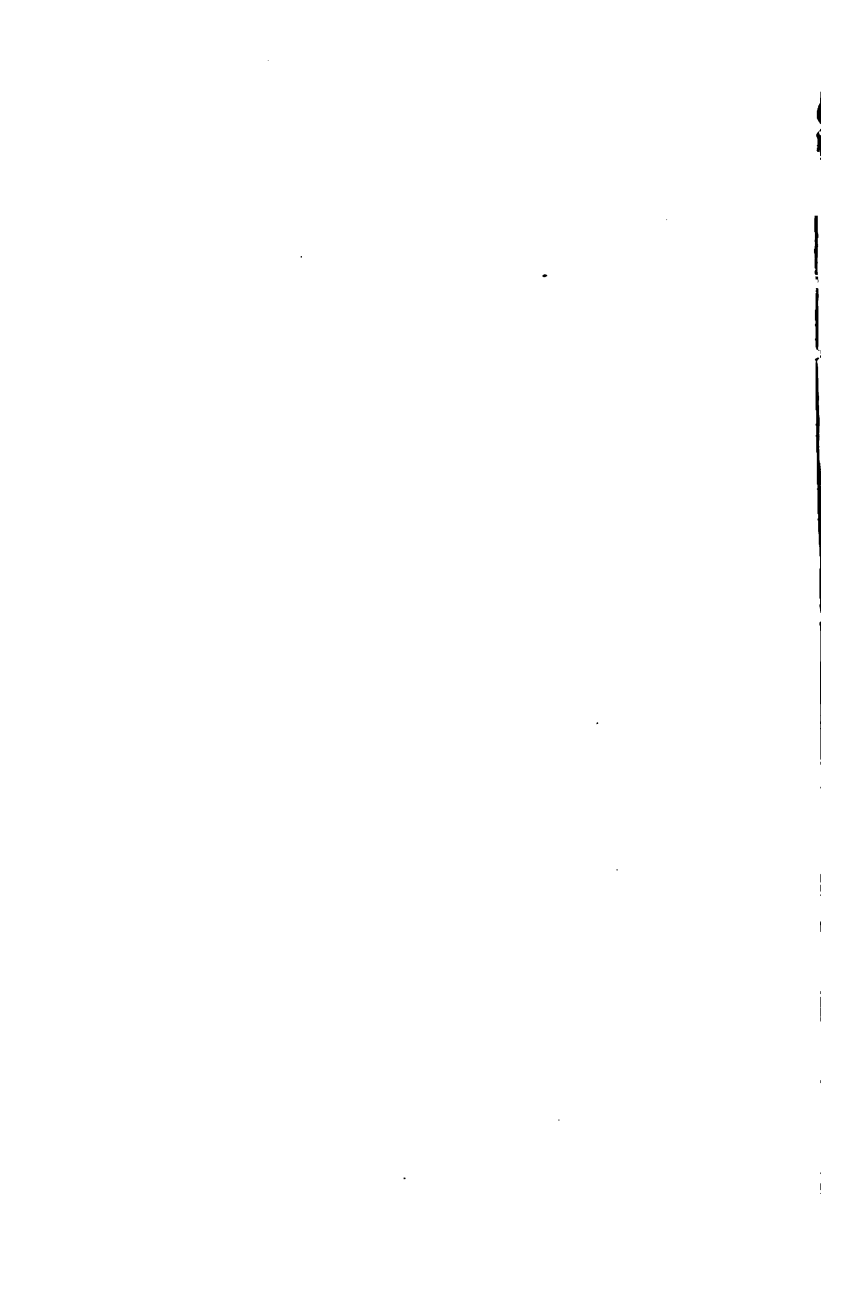
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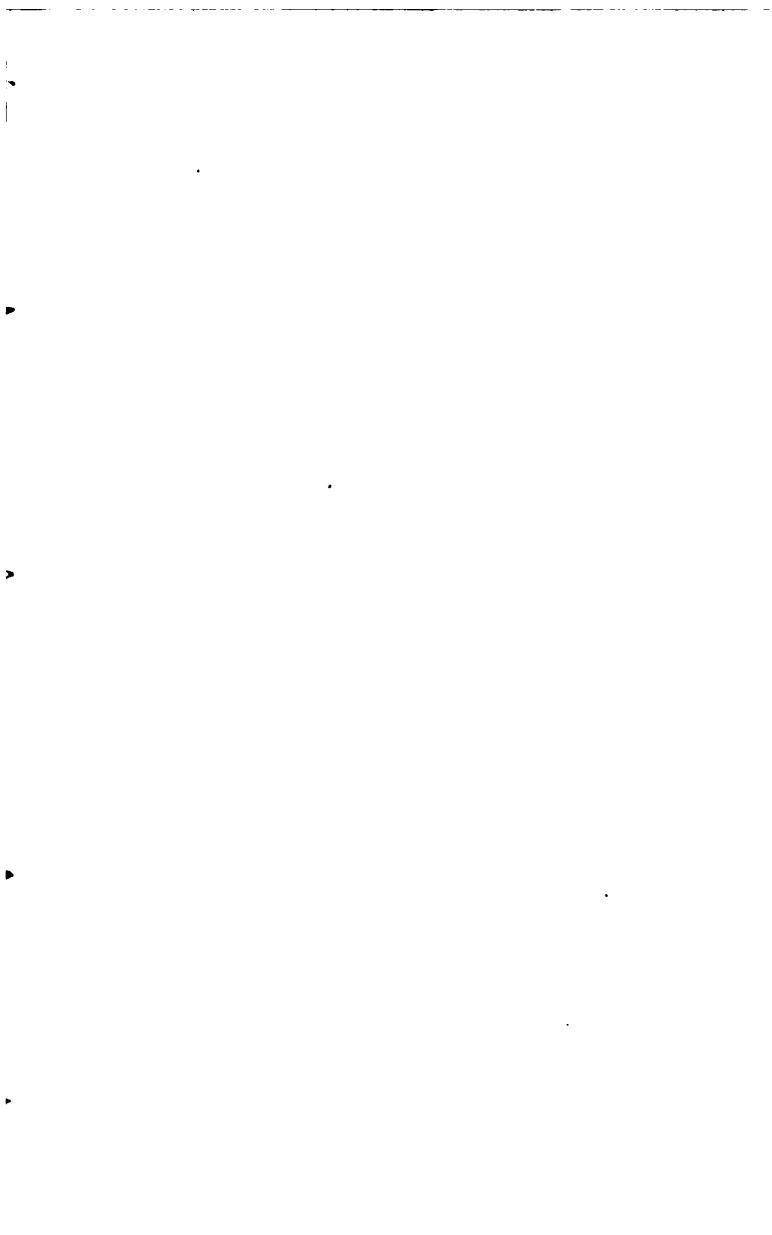
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